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## THE GRAVE OF KOERNER.

THE death of Charles Theodore Koerner, the German soldier-poet, is a romantic incident in the records of our unchivalric—unimaginative age. He was severely wounded in the head, at the battle of Kitzén, but recovered during the armistice. On the 26th of August, 1813, fell on the field of battle, pierced by a ball. An hour before, he had finished his famous song, the Address of his Sword, and read it to his comrades. How fraught with the enthusiasm of patriotism and poetry was his departure from this world of strife! The Germans hold his memory dear: his songs

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have been set to music by Weber—another master-mind; and over Koerner's remains has been placed the monument represented in the above Engraving; the following minute description of which appears in the journal of a recent tourist:—

At the southern extremity of the sweet village of Wöbbelin, lie the mortal remains of Charles Theodore Koerner. The cemetery, comprehending a considerable portion of a large field, occupies an angle formed by the

• The Rev. Mr. Downes, in Letters from the Continent. For a Memoir of Koerner, see *Mirror*, vol. x.

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junction of a by-way with the high-road between Ludwizlust and Schwerin. After passing through the village, we beheld the gate of the inclosure, and the lofty oak, which, standing at a considerable distance from the entrance, marks the immediate spot of sepulture. The sun was shining in meridian brightness; and yet I experienced feelings of a deeper dye than if our pilgrimage had been performed at midnight. I have ever felt thus on approaching in the daytime the lonely residence of the dead, from contrasting the cheerful beams of heaven with the cheerless and desolate scene they irradiated.

The keys of the cemetery are lodged at the residence of the *Schultze*—(a kind of rural magistrate)—on the opposite side of the way. It is approached under an arched gate, painted yellow, with some of the mouldings brown. The following line from Koerner himself is inscribed, in large letters, over the entrance:

*"Vergist die treuen Todten nicht."*  
FORGET NOT THE FAITHFUL DEAD.

A long avenue of black poplars, intersecting an oblong grass-plot, leads to the cemetery, which is inclosed by brick walls, lined with a shrubbery inside. A short turn at the end of the avenue conducts to an iron gate, the upper part of which is wrought into a helmet, while two plates in the lower part are severally distinguished by a cross, encircled with a wreath of ivy. On the centre of a circular grassy space within, encompassed by a gravel walk, stands the monument. It is of cast iron, and the upper part of it is wrought into a lyre and sword—a favourite emblem of the deceased, which furnished the title of one of his works. Some pious hand has adorned the lyre with two wreaths of oak—the one of which was fresh, the other withered. Placed at right angles with the grave of the poet is that of his affectionate sister, who died of grief for his loss in the second year after he was killed, having just survived long enough to finish a portrait of her beloved brother.

On the front of the monument, facing the entrance, is the following inscription, in German, which is here translated: "Charles Theodore Koerner was here consigned to the earth, by his companions in arms, with reverence and love."

On the opposite side: "Charles Theodore Koerner, born at Dresden, the 23rd of September, 1791, devoted himself first to mining, next to poetry, finally to warfare, for the deliverance of Germany. To this vocation he consecrated sword and lyre, and sacrificed to it the fairest joys and hopes of happy youth. While lieutenant and adjutant in Lützow's free corps, he was suddenly killed by a hostile ball, on the 26th of August, 1813, in an engagement which took place between Schweinitz and Gadebush."

On the right: "Fatherland! for thee will

we die, as thy mighty word commands. Our beloved may inherit what we have redeemed with our blood. Grow, thou liberty of the German oaks—grow up above our corpses.

"TH. KOERNER."

On the left: "Hail to the minstrel—if he only achieve for himself with the sword a sepulchre in a land of freedom."

On a tombstone laid horizontally upon the grave of the poet's sister, the following epitaph is cut: "Among the survivors of Theodore Koerner, his sympathizing sister, Emma Sophia Louisa, was the first that followed him. She was born at Dresden, the 19th of April, 1788. By character, genius, and talents, she adorned the days of her friends, and gladdened all that approached her. She mourned her beloved brother as became a German maid: but while she elevated her soul to him, her body became gradually enfeebled. A nervous fever terminated her earthly existence at Dresden, the 15th of May, 1815.

"This spot was due to her as a place of rest."

But the most affecting of the numerous sepulchral details which claimed our sympathy, was the natural monument that originally indicated the resting-place of Koerner. This is the fine oak above mentioned, which has two trunks, on one of which the following simple memorial is rudely carved, within a circular space, stripped of the bark for the purpose:—

TH. KOERNER,  
26 Aug.  
1813.

In a recess of this tree the poet used to deposit the verses he composed while campaigning in the neighbourhood; and he once expressed a wish to be interred beneath it, should he die of a wound with which he was at the time afflicted. Over the inscription is a rusty sheathed sword, which had belonged to a friend of Koerner's, fastened to the two trunks with cramps of iron. From the hilt, a faded wreath of white and red roses depends; and the point passes under a tablet, exhibiting the lodge of a Prussian order, and a star, with these three dates, attached:

"1813—1814—1815."

Between these devices are the following lines (in German) in gilt letters:—"This sword of iron, strong and good, was wielded with iron courage, by one whose name is named with honour—Gottlieb Schnelle, of the land of Mecklenburgh. He successfully completed three campaigns: he then fell in a combat of heroes, who were slain in the good hour; and it is called the combat of the fair alliance."

A second tablet, under the former, bears these lines: "As the pilgrim, full of pious devotion, and silent, draws towards the holy sepulchre, and, supported upon his travelling staff, earnestly and silently looks upon the

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grave—thus was I seized with thrilling emotion, and commanded to approach nearer to the ashes of the minstrel: and sable melancholy seized my heart. The wind rustled softly in the mighty oak, and coolness breathed around the holy corse: gradually did my grief also become mute. German tree! thou favourite of his strains—thou now overshadowest his silent grave, and lookest proudly down upon Germany's son, and bendest forward to him like a friend! Inviolably in the refreshing shade let the wife swear fidelity to her husband—fidelity to the youth his loving bride—this is to thee of higher value than funeral pomp—of higher value than hymns and dirges: then thy spirit with blessing looks down upon them."

"Need I add," says Mr. Downes, "that it was with considerable emotion I dwelt upon the various particulars I have been detailing? I had visited Klopstock's grave with sentiments of awe and veneration—unmixed, however, with any tender feeling. He died 'old and well stricken in age,' but Koerner fell 'as a young oak,' with all 'his branches round him.' Klopstock was removed—Koerner rest from the earth."

The entire area is a grant of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh—Schwerin, who was desirous of honouring the remains of the poet with a more sumptuous interment elsewhere.

[The reader will find some exquisite lines by Mrs. Hemans, on the grave of Koerner, in vol. iv. of this Miscellany.]

#### "WHAT YOU WILL!"—SHAKESPEARE.

It was a drear December evening: the sleet pattered against the pane, and the wind swept along with a wild and wintry song. We drew the curtains closer, mechanically stirred the fire—thought of "English comfort," and sat down to peruse Mr. Hook's new novel of *Love and Pride*. About an hour passed away; our attention was becoming fixed by the novelist, when suddenly a thought struck us. It was the twenty-sixth of the month, and we had promised our "right worthie" friend, the editor of that renowned publication the *Mirror*, an article for his Number one for eighteen hundred and thirty-four. Oh! "to-morrow" will do, thought we,—so we again plunged—or attempted to plunge—into the pages of *Love and Pride*. But—this—article sat like an incubus upon our ideas; till, at last, we remembered that "to-morrow" we were engaged.

We tossed aside Hook; unlocked our desk; brought forth a virgin "double-patent Perryian," and fixed our eyes upon a fair sheet of foolscap. What was the article to be about? this very material point we had wholly overlooked. A quarter of an hour passed away; we courted our thoughts in vain, but finally

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caught the idea of "to-morrow." The subject, if well treated, was capital; and surely, if the colossal Johnson could write an essay on a broomstick, even the humblest of essay-writers might make something of "to-morrow." But, alas! we remembered Miss Edgeworth's admirable tale on the evils of procrastination, and a weariness came over our soul at attempting to follow her footsteps. We had, however, started game; other ideas, unsubstantial as the creations of a magic-lantern, followed and were dismissed, one by one in succession. First in the throng came, "Captain Ross," but we remembered that the editor had himself taken that gallant sailor's adventures in hand. Next succeeded the "Cheap Mania"—the subject was somewhat musty. "The Poets of the Day"—Fraser had recently served up several batches. "Railways"—dry. "Watering Places,"—out of season. "Ireland, and her ills"—political. "Thoughts on the New Year"—the subject was *new*, but the idea *old*;—and so we ran on till we absolutely stuck fast at "Steam," in sheer despair.

We fell into a sort of uneasy slumber. We fancied ourselves surrounded by a host of "devils" all clamorous for "copy;" and then a change came o'er the spirit of our dream, though not an unnatural change: we were in a printing office, lone and deserted; suddenly the presses, cases, frames, chases, &c.—like the furniture of Myaheer Woodenblock, in *Tales of a Traveller*—came possessed with a strange mania for locomotion; our old tormentors rushed in, and in another instant the place was in a state of wild confusion. No sooner had the yell of "copy" again been raised, than the furniture, which, as we have stated, had already manifested strong symptoms of agitation, began to move from their several places, and close around us with a fearful effect. The very type rose in the cases, and glared upon us with a leaden look—we awoke in the imagined horrors of an encounter with a huge Albion press.

The candles were flickering in their sockets; the fire was dead; and nothing disturbed the silence and gloom of the hour—for the wind had died away—but the ticking of a watch on the chimney-piece. Our ears still rung with the cry for copy; we sat for some time in a state of utter helplessness; and when at last we were aroused by the chilling coldness of the night, we observed that we had unconsciously blotted the page of foolscap whilst reflecting on a subject, and therefore we resolved to send these notes as our best *apology for an article*.

VIVIAN.

#### HISSING AT THEATRES.

(To the Editor.)

ALLOW me to offer some remarks on an article headed "Drama" in your 636th Number. The

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author there says, speaking of the practice of hissing, which he rightly concludes to be very ancient, "that it did not, in all probability, exist in the time of the Romans." He adduces a passage from Juvenal, and alludes to another in Horace, (without giving the reference,) "by which," he says, "the reader will find this mode of censure was expressed by turning the thumbs upwards, and the reverse was understood by their compressure."

The passage quoted from Juvenal only proves the existence of the practice he alludes to in the case of the gladiatorial combats; and, if I am right in the conjecture that Horace's Epistle i. 18, 66, is the other passage he refers to, I beg to observe that it is purely metaphorical, and that the metaphor is derived from the custom above alluded to.

That it was the practice of the Romans to express their approbation or disapprobation by clapping and hissing, is evident by the cursory way in which both are mentioned by the same author, who is adduced in the support of a contrary opinion. See Hor. Ep. 2. l. 205. and Sat. i. l. 10. 77.

I should not have ventured these observations, had not your Correspondent stated a fact which I had never heard mentioned before. If I am wrong in what I have advanced, I shall feel obliged by having the above passages explained away, so as to admit the correctness of your Correspondent's statement.

H. S. D.

#### CORPORATION CHARITIES.

It formed a primary part of the Romish faith that an evil life might be atoned for, and the souls of offenders redeemed from purgatory, by the performance of certain solemnities for the special benefit of the deceased, their relatives, and friends. With the view of profiting by this mode of salvation, it was common, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, for pious persons to bequeath a part of their possessions for the maintenance of some religious observance after their death—such as the endowing of a chapel, or charity for the perpetual singing of masses, the establishment of an obit or anniversary of a person's death, the constant burning of a lamp or light in a chapel or cathedral. The trusts were confided to individuals, to chapters, and collegiate churches; also, to the different corporations, guilds, and fraternity of crafts, which then existed in the community. At the Reformation, their revenues, on two several occasions, were seized by the crown. The first act for this purpose was the 37th of Henry VIII., cap. 4: it was subsequent to the suppression of the lesser and greater monasteries. In the preamble to this act, the reason alleged for this spoliation is the perversion of the revenues by the priests and others entrusted with their management; but, in the subsequent

statute of Edward VI. a different and more Protestant reason is assigned. The following is the preamble of the last act:—"Considering that a great part of the superstitions and errors in the Christian religion hath been brought into the minds and estimations of men by reason of their ignorance of their very true and perfect salvation through the death of Jesus Christ, and by devising and fantazying vain opinions of purgatory and masses satisfactory to be done for them which be departed; the which doctrine and vain opinion by nothing more is maintained and upholden than by the abuse of trentals, (the celebration of thirty masses for the dead,) charities, and other provisions made for the continuance of the said blindness and ignorance; and, further, considering that the alteration, change, and amendment of the same, and converting to good and godly uses, as in erecting of grammar-schools to the education of youth in virtue and godliness, and the further augmenting the universities, and better provision for the poor and needy, cannot, in this present parliament, be provided and conveniently done," &c. Under this statute, all the lands and possessions, for the maintenance of charity priests, were seized by the king; and the rent-charges appropriated to superstitious uses were paid by the companies into the exchequer. "This," says Stow, "was a great blow to the corporations of London, which were extremely weakened in their incomes and revenues by thus taking so much from them, and it brought their charitable donations to an end. Nor was there any other way for them but to purchase and buy off these rent-charges, and get as good pennyworths as they could of the king. And this they did, 3rd of Edward VI., by selling other of their lands to enable them to make these purchases: this cost them 18,700*l*. Which possessions, when they had thus cleared again, they employed them to good uses, according to the first intent of them, abating the superstitions. But, although the sum paid by the companies to purchase back these possessions, was so considerable, we learn from the same industrious chronicler, that the companies contrived, to a considerable extent, to evade the operation of the statute, either by concealing their estates and revenues, or giving them in much below their real value; and at which undervalue they afterwards repurchased them of the crown. This appears from a statement presented to Queen Elizabeth and her council, in 1587, upon an occasion of a new inquiry then about to be instituted into such collegiate and charity foundations as had eluded the former investigation. In order to avert this second inquisition, which had been set on foot by Sir Edward Stafford and other "prying fellows," as Stow terms them, they alleged their revenues were all expended on the poor, in the support of scholars, and other good uses, without em-

playing any one penny thereof in their dinners, or other like charges; but the same were wholly borne out of their quarterages, and the wardens' charges out of their own purses. The language of the statute we have quoted affords some light for interpreting the uses of grammar-schools. It seems they were not erected, as some contend, simply for teaching the dead languages, but for "the education of youth in virtue and godliness." This is a point of some importance, as a large proportion of them were established in the reign of Edward VI. It may also be remarked, in favour of appropriating these foundations to the use of the poor, that many of them were endowed out of the revenues of suppressed religious houses, and were probably intended as some compensation to the poor for the injury they were supposed to have sustained by that measure.

W. G. C.

## KENILWORTH.

—"When all-devouring Time  
Is sitting on his throne of ruin's hour,"  
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,  
How sweet thy diapason—Melaucholy!" DYE

GREY memory of centuries past,  
Proud Kenilworth!—how dear  
The charm that mellowing time hath cast  
Over thy portals drear!  
Thy battlements are crumbling now,  
And ivy decks thy faded brow.  
The harp is silent in thy halls,  
Hush'd is the lute within thy bowers;  
And echoing from thy lofty walls  
No gladness charms the lingering hours;  
Only the winds, wild minstrels there,  
Are murmuring of the days that were!  
Tell us, ye unseen whisperers, say,  
In times far off and old,  
In long past ages, dim and grey,  
What did these walls unfold?  
And pour in fancy's musings ear  
The tales of old she loves to hear.  
Once there was tilt and tournament  
Around these princely halls array'd;  
The towers to many a siege have bent;  
Here warriors stern their sojourn made,  
Chivalric knights—a glorious band!  
Bound for the war in Holy Land.  
One hundred knights in armour dight,  
One hundred dames of beauty rare,  
Whose lustrous eyes gave cheering light  
To deeds of valour acted there;  
While glancing helm, and waving plume,  
And blazing lights, the walls illumed!  
Years roll'd along; an armed band  
Of exiled lords for refuge came;  
Rebellion wav'd a flaming brand,  
Abjuring hapless Edward's name:  
Poor captive! Berkeley's walls could tell  
What horrors on thy death-pangs fell!  
The bright abode of all that's fair,  
These mouldering walls have been,  
With courtly masque and pageant rare,  
When England's maiden queen  
Assembled round her lord and page,  
Their feats of wit and arms to wage.  
With rare device and antique song,  
The glassy lake with islands crown'd,  
Floating its sparkling breast along,  
From whence soft strains of music sound  
A welcome to the gracious fair,  
Who gave her regal presence there.

Of the swift hours they took no thought;  
They led the dance in graceful measure;  
Sweet poesy her offering brought,  
And tuned her lyre to mirth and pleasure:  
At Dudley's court all things combine  
To hide the flowery steps of time.  
The lights are quench'd, the music gone,  
All pomp and state are banished;—  
The raven's note is heard alone,  
All other sounds have vanished;—  
No courtiers wait for royal smile,  
With bended knee and artful wile.  
Green grows the moss, where banners told  
Ambitious Leicester's hour of pride;  
Years their all-changing course have roll'd—  
All tenantless the chambers wide!  
Rank weeds upon the portals grow,  
Noble and knight, where are ye now!

Kirtan Lindsey.

ANNE R.

## THE HOUSE OF PERCY.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE NOBLE HOUSE  
OF PERCY, EARLS AND DUKES OF NORTH-  
THUMBERLAND.

THIS illustrious house flourished 200 years antecedent to the Norman Conquest. Mainfred, a Danish chieftain, made irruptions into Normandy about the year 886, the sixth in descent from whom was Geoffrey de Percy, a name derived from fiefs which he enjoyed in Normandy; his son, William de Percy is mentioned in the Harleian MSS. as a companion of the Conqueror. He obtained large grants of land from King William, and was distinguished by the surname of "Alsgernons," or, "Will with the Whiskers." He is said to have married Emma de Port, a Saxon lady, reputed to have been the daughter of Gospatrick, the deprived Earl of Northumberland, whose lands having been bestowed upon him, "*he wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience*;" he died in the first crusade, at Mount Joy, near Jerusalem, anno 1096. Henry de Percy, the seventh in descent from him, was summoned by writ, as Baron Percy, Feb. 6, 1299; he died 1315.

Henry, fourth Baron Percy, K. G., father of the famous Hotspur, was created on the coronation day of King Richard II., in 1377, Earl of Northumberland, a title descendible, it appears, according to the terms of the patent still among the Records in the Tower, to his heirs general, in the nature of a barony in fee. The Earl, who with his son, the gallant Hotspur, mainly contributed to the elevation of King Henry IV., meeting with a reverse in the royal favour, similar to that he had formerly received from King Richard, urged his brother and son to take part in the battle of Shrewsbury, in which both were defeated. He was, however, pardoned and restored; but upon another fancied slight, he rushed again into rebellion, and was slain at Bramham Moor, near Haslewood, Feb. 29th, 1408.

Henry, second earl, son of Hotspur, and grandson of the first earl, on his father's

death, was carried by his grandfather into Scotland, where he remained till the time of King Henry V., when he was restored, 1414, at the intercession of the Countess of Westmoreland, John of Gaunt's daughter, whose daughter, as is said, he had married on coming to England. The Earl took part in the battle of Agincourt, and his border fray at the Cheviot Hills with Earl William Douglas, gave rise to the ballad of Chevy Chase. He was slain at the battle of St. Alban's, May 20, 1455.

It would be tedious to your readers to follow the fortunes of the Percys down to the present time: suffice it, however, for my purpose, to touch upon the leading incidents in the lives of the most illustrious. I shall, therefore, pass over the third and fourth earls, and proceed to Henry Algernon, fifth earl, K. G. "This nobleman," observes Mr. Sharpe in his *Peerage*, "is well known to the antiquarian reader for his systematic arrangement of magnificence and economy. The Earl appears to have been a man of literature and great refinement. He encouraged Skelton, the only professed poet of that age, who wrote an elegy upon the death of his father.—*Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. book 1. 9." It is a remarkable fact, that this earl was the first who had borne the title who had died in his bed.

Henry Algernon, sixth earl, K. G. appears to have been attached to the lovely, but unfortunate Anne Boleyn; but Cardinal Wolsey rudely effected a separation on the eve of their marriage, at the instigation of King Henry VIII. He afterwards married Mary, daughter of George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, but his marriage proving unhappy, he is said to have died of a broken heart in the same month that his brother was executed for having been unfortunately involved in Ask's rebellion, 1536. The hereditary honours became extinct with him. But Queen Mary, on April 30, 1551, was induced to create the eldest son of Sir Thomas Percy, who had been attainted, Baron Percy, of Cockermouth and Petworth, Baron Poynings, Lucy, Bryan, and Fitz Poynce; and on the next day, Earl of Northumberland, with limitation, both of the earldom and baronies, to his heirs male, and to Henry, his brother, and his heirs male; and also to restore to him all the lands of his ancestors remaining in her hands. The Earl, who like his father, was a zealous Catholic, conspiring, together with the Earl of Westmoreland, against Queen Elizabeth, was beheaded at York, August 22, 1572, having been attainted 1571. His brother Henry succeeded as eighth earl, notwithstanding the attainder, in consequence of the special entail to him in the patent. He was discovered in the Tower, (in which he had been imprisoned under suspicion of favouring the liberty of

Mary, Queen of Scots,) shot through the heart, the pistol in the chamber, the door being barred inside. Henry, ninth earl of Northumberland, his son and heir, succeeded. A misunderstanding arising between him and James I., in consequence of the gunpowder plot, (for he was true to the religious faith of his ancestors,) he was sentenced by the court of Star Chamber to pay a fine of 50,000*l.*, and to be imprisoned in the Tower of London during the remainder of his lifetime. The earl continued to procrastinate for some years the payment of this enormous fine, but at length his estates were seized and 20,000*l.* having been levied, they were, together with himself, released. The venerable old nobleman, whose attachment to literature and science, delight in the study of mathematics, and fondness for philosophic society, were very remarkable, and which he cultivated as far as he was able during his tedious imprisonment in the Tower of London, passed the remainder of his life in dignified retirement at Petworth, where he died November 5, 1632.

On the death of Joscelin, eleventh earl of Northumberland, May 21, 1670, at the age of twenty-six, all the titles of the family became extinct. Lady Elizabeth Percy, daughter and sole heiress, married Charles Seymour, sixth duke of Somerset, who, by the marriage articles, was to assume the arms and name of Percy, a contract from which he was released upon the lady's coming of age. She left issue, Algernon Percy, summoned by writ as Baron Percy, upon the death of his mother, Nov. 23, 1722, succeeding as Duke of Somerset, fourteen months before his demise; he was created, Oct. 2, 1749, Baron Warkworth and Earl of Northumberland, with remainder to his son-in-law, Sir Hugh Smithson; and the next day, Baron Cockermouth and Earl of Egremont, with remainder to the sons of his sister, Lady Katharine Wyndham. Dying four months afterwards, the dukedom of Somerset descended to the heir male, and the earldoms of Northumberland and Egremont according to their respective limitations. Sir Hugh Smithson succeeded, on the death of his father-in-law, as Earl of Northumberland and Baron Warkworth, and assumed by act of parliament the name and arms of Percy. He was created, 1766, Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy, and in 1780, Baron Lovaine of Alnwick, with remainder to his second son, Algernon. He died June 6, 1786, and was succeeded by his son, Hugh, second duke, who dying July 10, 1817, was succeeded by his son, Hugh, third and present duke.

J. N. B. Y.

A man, who cannot mind his own business, is not to be trusted with the king's.—*State Maxim, by Saville.*



## Manners and Customs.

## EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS IN SWEDEN.

[The criminal laws are mild in Sweden; crimes of a capital nature are very uncommon, and perhaps not more than six or eight persons, on an average, are put to death throughout Sweden and Norway in a year. The extreme penalty of the law is generally inflicted by decapitation, and its terrors increased by *post mortem* exhibition of the bodies of the criminals, which, in some respects, resembles hanging in chains, and the barbarous custom of exposing heads in public places, both which practices were common a few years ago in Great Britain.]

One of the Swedish places of execution in Wernerland, is specially described and figured in Mr. Lloyd's *Field Sports of the North of Europe*; and with its description are connected some circumstances of a terrific, though not on that account less interesting, character.]

In the course of my fishing excursions, (says Mr. Lloyd,) I not unfrequently directed my steps past the place appropriated to the execution of criminals for the surrounding district. This, which was situated at two or three miles to the northward of Stjern, formed an open area of some little extent, the trees having been cleared from that part of the forest for the purpose.

Here, a few years previously, two men had been decapitated, the usual manner of putting criminals to death in Sweden; and their carcasses were subsequently left a prey to the birds and beasts of the field.

The remains of each culprit were nailed to the stumps of three several trees of about seven feet in height. The head was fastened to the first; the body, after being placed over a wheel, to the second; and the right hand, which had been chopped off at the same time as the head, to the third. Beneath lay the blocks on which they had been decapitated, as well as the ladder that had subsequently been made use of in affixing their dismembered members to the trees.

In this situation, as the accompanying sketch will show, their remains were then bleaching in the wind.

The place of execution, which was in a rather picturesque situation, was at the side of the road, from which the carcasses were only removed a few paces. The odour arising from them, therefore, for some time after they had been exposed, must have been intolerable. This must have been a great evil, though the *spectacle* might probably have had a very good effect upon the minds of the passers-by.

The criminals, of whose remains I am now speaking, bore, when alive, the relative situations to each other of master and servant. Both were quite young men; and they were

executed for one of the most cold-blooded crimes I ever remember to have heard of.

The master, who was a peasant, owed another person, in the same rank of life with himself, thirty rix-dollars, or as many shillings: not having the wherewithal, or perhaps the inclination, to repay it, he one evening, after it was dark, took his servant along with him, and proceeded to the house of his creditor, with the deliberate intention of committing both murder and arson. On entering the house, he exclaimed, "Here are your thirty rix-dollars!" and, at the same instant, he fell upon the poor man, who was in bed, and quickly despatched him.

The wife, who was in the same bed, succeeded, in the confusion that naturally took place, in making her escape from the house. It was only for a few moments, however, that she was enabled to elude her blood-thirsty pursuers, for they quickly came up with her, and cut her down with their axes.

A well-grown boy also slept in the same room with the poor peasant and his wife: during the commencement of the butchery, however, he managed to slip out of his bed unperceived, and crept under it; and when the murderers were in pursuit of the woman, he took advantage of their absence, and made his escape from the house. This was well for him, as, had he remained, he would doubtless have shared the dreadful fate of the others; for, on the villains returning to the room, and knowing he ought to be there, they searched, as they subsequently confessed, every hole and corner, in the hopes of finding him.

Their search, however, proving ineffectual, they robbed the house of whatever valuables it contained, and then set it on fire. This, being composed of combustible materials, was soon burnt to the ground.

Though for a time their crime escaped detection, suspicion soon fell upon them. This was in consequence of the expression the master had made use of when entering the house, "Here are your thirty rix-dollars!" which the boy had fortunately overheard: they were then taken up, tried, condemned, and executed.

This horrible crime took place in the parish of Gustaf Adolf, situated at a few miles to the north-east of Stjern, where also the murderers resided.

When I first saw the remains of these criminals, the features were in a most perfect state of preservation, the skin having dried upon them in much the same manner as upon a mummy. The countenance of the master was one of the very handsomest I ever saw in my life; but it resembled that of a woman rather than of a man. It was a perfect Grecian face; and the long hair, such as the peasants usually wear in Sweden, flowing over it in the wind, rendered it still more



(Execution of Criminals in Sweden.)

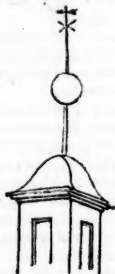
interesting. Though there was an innocent and pleasing expression depicted in the face of this man, he appears to have been as hardened a villain as ever lived; for, if report said truly, he confessed to the clergyman who attended upon him in his last moments, that he had, on different occasions, robbed and murdered several other persons besides those for whom he suffered.

To show still farther his hardened character, the very day after he committed the murders for which he was decapitated, he actually stood godfather in the church to a neighbour's child. His servant, indeed, seems to have been as bad as himself; for he officiated as fiddler at a dance that was given the same evening, on occasion of that ceremony taking place.

#### TIME BALL,

ON THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

This useful apparatus has lately been placed on the cupola of the eastern turret of the royal observatory, at Greenwich, a view of which building will be found in the *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 401. The apparatus consists of a ball, about five feet diameter, which



is perforated by (At 5 minutes before 1 o'clock.)

a pole about sixteen feet high, at the top of which are four arms with letters, set to the cardinal points; the N bearing exactly on the stone pillar which has been erected for the observatory, on Hawk Hill, Chingford, Essex. The whole is surmounted by an arrow vane. At five minutes before one o'clock, P.M. every day, the ball is drawn half way up the pole, as in the first cut. At two minutes before one, it is raised to the top



(At 2 minutes before 1 o'clock.)

close under the arms; and at one o'clock, mean solar time, it falls to the bottom of the pole, where it remains twenty-four hours. The ball is dropped by one of the gentlemen of the observatory touching a spring which



acts instantaneously. The injury likely to occur from the sudden fall of the ball is counteracted by means of the compression of air in an iron piston. The whole contrivance is stated in the *Nautical Magazine*, to be the proposal of Captain Wauchope, R.N.



(At 1 o'clock.)

The following is the official notice, issued from the Admiralty, respecting the operation of the apparatus:—

"The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty hereby give notice, that a ball will henceforward be dropped every day from the top of a pole of the eastern turret of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, at the moment of one o'clock, P.M. solar time. By observing the first instant of its downward movements all vessels in the adjacent reaches of the river, as well as in most docks, will thereby have an opportunity of regulating and rating their chronometers. The ball will be hoisted half way up the pole at five minutes before one o'clock as a preparatory signal, and close up at two minutes before one."

### New Books.

#### SKETCHES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT.

[This book is beyond all criticism, even were it our duty to show prowess in that ungentle craft. However, the opinion of the writer of "would-be critics—self-constituted judges of modern days" is not likely to diminish their number: he says their "mere dictum creates a literary vassalage—beneath whose blighting influence, the finest specimens of genius, when linked with poverty, wither and die—and whose sole duty it is to blazon forth the fame of some one, whom public opinion has placed above them; or, to puff into notice another, who has money—not mind—enough to carry him along." Prob-

ably there is as much truth as abuse in these censures.]

Colonel Crockett is a veritable American backwoodsman, and the original Colonel Wildfire, admirably personated by Mr. Hackett, at the Haymarket Theatre last season. The author has a twofold object in writing Crockett's adventures; not only to amuse his readers with their eccentricities, but to correct certain erroneous ideas of the character of a backwoodsman, which are too generally received, not only in England, but in his native country. Thus, in the Preface, he observes:—]

At this time, when, in every ephemeral tale, a red hunter must be treacherous, brutal, savage, and accompanied with the tomahawk and scalping knife, I should perhaps offer some apology for speaking of them in a different light, in my introduction; but my apology is—it was my pleasure to do so.

Gentle reader, I can promise you, in no part of this volume, the wild rhodomontades of "Bushfield;" nor can I regale you with the still more delicate repast of a constant repetition of the terms *bodyaciously, tetotaciously, obfuscated*, &c. Though I have had much intercourse with the West, I have never met with a man who used such terms unless they were alluded to, as merely occupying a space in some printed work. They have, however, thus been made to enter, as a component part, into the character of every backwoodsman; and, perhaps, I hazard something in leaving the common path; but my duty commands it—and though the following memoir may wear an air of levity, it is, nevertheless, strictly true.

In describing backwoodsmen, it has become customary to clothe their most common ideas in high-sounding, unintelligible coinage—while my observation induces me to believe that their most striking feature is the fact, that they clothe the most extravagant ideas in the simplest language, and amuse us by their quaintness of expression, and originality of comparison.

[David Crockett is a resident of the "far off West," or that section of country which lies between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains, in the western district of Tennessee. He was born in Greene County, East Tennessee, of poor and respectable parentage. He was the ninth child. "The extreme indigence of his father rendered him unable to educate his children, and at a very early age David was put to work. No one, at this early age, could have foretold that he was ever to ride upon a streak of lightning, receive a commission to quiet the fears of the world, by wringing off the tail of a comet, or perform several other wonderful acts, for which he has received due credit, and which will serve to give him a reputation as lasting as that of the hero of Orleans. But he was always a

quirky boy, and many and sage were the prophecies made of his future greatness. Every species of fortune-telling was exhausted to find out in what particular department he was to figure; but this was for ever shrouded in mystery. No seer could say more than that David was to be great." Crockett leaves home, and in the backwoods' phrase, *knocks about*, a mere sport for fortune, but returns to his father after two years' wanderings. He then works his parents out of debt, and picks up a little learning by labouring in the field two days for being allowed to go to school three, for some five or six months, this being the only schooling he ever received. His courtships are next described by his biographer: he is rejected by his first love, but succeeds in his second; for, "he could love more in a given time than any other man." He marries, and settles upon Elk River, and becomes the father of a fine family. He serves as a volunteer in the army, and acquires reputation as a brave man: while fighting for his country, his wife dies: he marries again, and removes to Laurens county, where he becomes justice of the peace, is elected colonel, and finally a representative in the state legislature. He serves for one term only, when the wheel of fortune turns again.]

Colonel Crockett had vested the scrapings of his industry in a mill, which was scarcely completed, before a fresher swept it off, and left no trace of its existence. Retiring to bed, comfortably situated, he awoke next morning flat without a dollar: so that, ever was he mere sport for fortune. But he had been schooled too deeply in *misfortune* to murmur at his luck, or spend his time in idle regret. He saw that, without capital, where he was, he could scarcely support himself. So, winding up his business, a short time found a little family, with a couple of pack horses heavily laden, travelling on deeper into the "far off West." In advance of this party, humming a song, walked a cheerful, light-hearted backwoodsman, with a child on one arm and a rifle on the other, followed by half a dozen dogs.

When Colonel Crockett was next heard from, he had settled himself about one hundred and fifty miles from his former residence, in Gibson county, Western District; and was hard at work, putting up log cabins. His children were all too young to be of any service to him, so that all the labour requisite for forming a new settlement was performed by himself. His cabins were built; a well was dug; a little patch was cleared for corn; and the Colonel found himself in the bosom of our western forest, forty miles from any settlement.

Here he became wedded to hunting, and the great quantity of game was well calculated to have fascinated any one. Being cut off from all society, his rifle and dogs

were ever his companions. Even the face of the country he had chosen to dwell in, seemed, in some measure, the counterpart of his mind. It was wild and irregular, and, like himself, subject to no restraint. Here, one moment, all nature, was hushed into silence: the next, the earth seemed rocking to its centre. He had chosen to settle in that section of country where the earthquake of 1812 was most sensibly felt, east of the Mississippi river. That country has been subject to slight shocks ever since, and the Colonel remarked to me, that frequently, while at work, he has had his clothes or hat shaken down, but would merely hang them up and continue his labour. This section of country is termed the *Shakes*, and is never alluded to in common conversation by any other title.

Innumerable are the anecdotes that daily occurred, while with no other companion save his favourite *Betsy*, (his rifle,) or with his son and dogs sometimes added, he roved the forest.

His favourite, *Betsy*, as he termed her, I had the pleasure of shooting. She is a large, coarse, common rifle, with a flint lock, and, from appearance, has been much used. In her breech there is a wire hole or two with feathers in them, and several parts of her may be found wrapped with a wax thread, for the purpose of healing up wounds which she has received in her passage through life.

To bear hunting, Colonel Crockett has ever been most wedded; first, because it is profitable; secondly, because there is danger in it, and consequently great excitement. It requires a *man* to be a bear hunter; for he is frequently thrown into situations which require as much coolness and determined purpose of mind as though he were in a regular battle. All hunters agree in saying that its meat is superior to that of any other wild game. You may drink, from its peculiar sweetness, (and it will never be attended with the slightest inconvenience,) a pint of pure bear oil at a draught.

#### *Elk-hunting.*

I was amused at the simplicity with which he told me the following story: "I hadn't been a hunter long in these backwoods, when I had an occasion to send my little son a short distance from home; he soon came galloping back, and told me he saw two large elks cross the road just before him. I gathered up my rifle and accoutrements, jumped upon the horse, took up my son behind me, to show where they were, and rode off. I did not think it advisable to carry my dogs; for they would at once have run them out of my hearing. The sun was something like two hours high, and the evening was calm and still. I had never at this time killed an elk, and was very anxious to do so. I found where they had crossed the road, left my

little boy the horse to go home on, and followed after them. The ground was rather hard, and their tracks almost imperceptible; but I noticed where the grass was bruised by their treading, and sometimes I could see where they had bit a bush; in this way I followed after them. I went, I s'pose, about a mile, when I seed my elk feeding in a little prairie; there were no trees near me; so I got down, and tried to root my way to 'em, but they had got a notion of me, for they would feed a while, and then turn their heads back and look for me, and then run off a little. We soon got into the woods agin, and I begun to work 'em right badly. When they were feeding, I'd git a tree 'tween me and them, and run as hard as I could, then peep round to see 'em, and get down, root myself behind another tree, and then run agin. The woods were mighty open, and I could see 'em a long way, and I'd have got a shot, but as I was creeping 'long after 'em, I see'd five deer coming towards me. I stopped right still, and they come feeding 'long close to me: when they got in about twenty yards of me, I raised old Betsy, levelled her, and down dropped the largest; the others raised their heads and looked astonished; went up to the one which was down and smelt him, but didn't seem afraid of me. I spoke not, and the report of the rifle was the only noise. Having loaded, I raised old Bet again, and down came another; the others only looked more astonished. I shot down a third, and the remainder still kept looking on. Coming off in a hurry, I brought but few balls, and my fourth load contained the last. I thought I must have my elk; so I wouldn't shoot another deer. I have never seen anything like that since, in all my hunting. I don't believe they had ever seen a man before; for they wasn't the least afraid of me. Well, as I was saying, I thought I must have my elk; so I just left the deer lying there, and I was sorry I'd killed 'em, and off I started. I found their tracks, and followed on till I agin see'd 'em; 'twas gitting late in the evening when I come in sight of 'em; they had somewhat forgotten me, tho' they were still a little shy; so, pursuing my former plan, I gained on 'em, but they still had a notion of me, and I couldn't git a close shoot. The sun was down, and it was growing a little dim, and I found I must either shoot or lose 'em; so I resolved to take the first chance. Again getting a tree 'tween me and them, I run as hard as I could up to it; and upon peeping round, there stood my elk about one hundred and forty yards distant, in a tolerably clear place, with their heads turned back looking for me. This was my only chance; so raising up old Betsy, I fired at the one which was nearest to me: at the report of the gun, it run off, passing the one which was before it about twenty yards, and then

tumbled over. The other ran on and stopped with it. The ball, as I found afterward, had entered just behind the shoulder and ranged forward. I felt a little afraid, because they were so large; but I went up: when I got in about twenty yards of 'em, the one which was standing up began to paw the ground very violently and shake his head at me; his horns were about six feet long, and he looked very formidable. I had nothing to shoot him with, and he seemed, from his actions, determined for battle. I tried to frighten him, but I was not able to do so till I gave a shrill call, when off he run; so great is the effect of the human voice upon all animals. I then went rather nearer to the one which was lying down, walked round him several times, and kept throwing chunks, to find whether he was alive or not; but he did not move, so I went up to him, and sure enough he was as dead as could be. By this time it was dark—I'd wandered off about four miles, and had nothing with me but my knife: however, I set to work and butchered him on the ground, and then set off for home. I felt mighty proud of this act, because the elk was the first I had ever killed, and he was so large. Next morning, with the aid of pack horses, I got him home.

The chief thing which struck me in the above anecdote was, that the colonel should term them *his elk*, while they were running in the woods; it shows the great confidence he has in his gun; and I believe, from what I have seen, that Colonel Crockett feels as certain of a deer or elk which he may find in the woods, if he can get within one hundred and fifty yards of it, as if he had it in his chimney, smoking, and would be as much offended were any one to frighten it, as he would be were the same individual to take one of his hogs.

[We pass over several pages of sporting anecdotes to vary our extracts with the following characteristic story of]

#### *Clock Pedlars,*

An itinerant class of gentry, now identified with every new country, whose adventures are as amusing as they are annoying to its inhabitants. The term *Clock Pedlars* implies shrewdness, intelligence, and cunning. A pedlar, in disposing of a clock, feels the same anxiety that a general does on the eve of a battle; and displays as much mind in bringing arguments to support his wishes, as Bonaparte did on the plains of Waterloo in the disposition of his forces. Their perseverance is so untiring, and it has been so often crowned with success, that a yankee clock now graces every cabin throughout the west; and the backwoodsmen, even the half-horse, half-alligator breed, when boasting of their exploits, always add, "I can stand any thing but a clock pedlar."

Reader, did you ever know a full-blooded yankee clock pedlar? If not, imagine a tall lank fellow, with a thin visage, and small dark grey eyes, looking through you at every glance, and having the word *trade* written in his every action, and you will then have an idea of Mr. Slim. But to make it clearer, imagine the same individual, with a pedlar's wagon, and what he would call a *good cretur*, riding where the roads are smooth, and always walking up hill: and, if you will then fill up his wagon with yankee clocks, throw in a package or two of horn combs, and give him a box of counterfeit jewellery, he will be ready for a trip. Ay, not only ready for a trip, but rich. And every article he parts with, will carry with it a lasting impression of the "clock pedlar."

Slim never travelled as if bound to any particular place, for he had business with every man he met, and had an excuse for calling at every house. So that, after passing through a neighbourhood, he was perfectly familiar with the pecuniary concerns of every man in it.

The sun was getting low, when Slim, who was travelling the high road, with a perfect knowledge that there was a tavern about a mile ahead of him, left it to seek a cabin, which, with a modest but retiring aspect, showed itself in the woods at some short distance. The smoke floating off from a dirt chimney, was mingling with the blue ether; and the children with loud, laughing voices, were playing in the yard. But no sooner did they see the clock pedlar, than there was a race, each striving to be the first bearer of the news, that a gentleman with a carriage was coming.

Slim driving up, halted—and there walked out the proprietor of the cabin.

"Friend, can't you give a stranger in these parts some directions?"

"Bout what, or where?"

"Wuh—my horse is tired, and I should like myself to get a pallet."

"If you had kept the road about a mile further, you would have found a tavern: but if you can rough it here, do so. My house is always open to a stranger."

Slim accepts the invitation, draws the wagon into the yard, and while rubbing his "cretur" down, chuckles to himself, "I've got that fellow."

They go to the house, take a little whiskey and water, eat supper, and draw around the fire.

Slim then makes a dead set to get rid of one of his clocks.

"Stranger, what's your name?"

"Baines."

"An' what's yours?"

"Slim."

"Mr. Baines, I hav'n't shown you my articles yet."

"What sort of articles?"

"I have a fine clock that I could spare, and some jewellery, and a few combs. They would suit your daughter there, if they ar'n't too fine—but as I got a great bargain in 'em, I can sell 'em cheap."

"Jewellery in these backwoods! 'Twould be as much out of place on my gal here, as my leather hunting shirt would be on you. And as for a clock, I have a good one—you see it there."

Slim finds a thousand faults with it, knows the maker—never did see one of that make worth a four pence ha'-penny—and winds up with, "Now let me sell you a clock worth having."

"No. I have one that answers my purpose."

"Not so bad a beginning," said Slim to himself. Slim then brings out his horn, or as he calls them, his *tortoise shell* combs, and his counterfeit jewellery, all of which he warrants to be *genuine*—overwhelms the young lady with compliments upon her present appearance, and enlarges upon the many additional charms his articles would give her—wishes to sell a comb to her mother, who thinks one for her daughter will be sufficient. "Your daughter, madam!" Slim would never have suspected her of being old enough to have a daughter grown. The mother and daughter begin to see new beauties in the pedlar's wares. They select such articles as they would like to have, and joining with the pedlar, they pour forth on old Baines one continued volley of sound argument, setting forth the advantages to be derived from the purchase. The old man seeing the storm that is about to burst, collects within himself all his resources, and for a long time parries, with the skill of an expert swordsman, the various deadly thrusts which are made against him. But his opponents return to the charge, in no wise discomfited. They redouble their energies. With the pedlar in front, they pour into the old man volley after volley. No breathing time is allowed. He wavers—falters. Flesh and blood can't stand every thing. And, as a wall before some well-directed battery, his resolution grows weak—for a moment totters—then falls, leaving a clear breach. Through this the pedlar enters; and having disposed of two *tortoise-shell* combs, and a little *double refined* jewellery, the women retire from the field of action, and the pedlar, taking advantage of the prostrate condition of his adversary, again reiterates the defects in his clock, and concludes with, "Now let me sell you one cheap."

"No, I'll be —— if you do," says Baines.

(Reader, the only apology for this oath is, would you not have sworn under the same circumstances?)

Slim disappears, but soon returns bearing

in his arms a yankee wooden clock. Baines looks thunderstruck.

"Let me put it up."

"No, it's no use."

"I know that, I don't want you to buy it. I only want to put it up."

Still asking permission, yet having it denied, Slim is seen bustling about the room, until, at the end of the dialogue, his wooden clock having encroached upon the dominions of an old family timepiece, is seen suspended with all the beauty, yet bold effrontery, of a yankee notion; while the old family timepiece, with a retiring yet conscious dignity, is heard to cry out, "*Oh tempora! Oh mores!*" and concludes her ejaculations by thundering anathemas against this modern irruption of the Goths.

Slim having accomplished so much, draws around the fire, and soothes the old man by discussing the quality of his farm. Baines begins to go into the minutæ of his farming operations, and the clocks strike nine.

"Now just notice the tone of my clock. Don't you see the difference?"

"A man may buy land here at a dollar an acre."

"I like always to see in a house a good timepiece; it tells us how the day passes."

"Wife, hadn't we better kill that beef in the morning?"

"Didn't you notice that clock of mine had a looking-glass in it?"

Baines proposes to go to bed. Slim always likes to retire early, and going to his apartment, cries out, "Well now, old man, buy that clock. You can have it upon your own terms. Think about it, and give me an answer in the morning."

"What do I want with the clock?"

"Oh, you can have it upon your own terms. Besides a man of your appearance ought to have a good clock. I wouldn't have that rotten thing of yours. Did you notice the difference when they were striking?"

Baines going to his room, says, "No, I'll be shot if I buy it."

Soon the house becomes quiet. Slim collects his scattered forces, and makes preparation for a renewal of the attack in the morning. The daughter dreams of tortoiseshell combs and jewellery. The mother, from Slim's compliment, believes herself both young and beautiful; and the old man never turns over but the corners of a clock prick him in the side.

Morning comes, and with its first light Slim rises, feeds his "crotur," and meeting with Mr. Baines, makes many inquiries after his health, &c., professes to be in a hurry, and concludes with, "Well, as I must now leave, what say you about the clock?"

"Why, that I don't want it."

Slim bolts into the chamber, where the ladies are scarcely dressed, after whom he

makes many inquiries; then jumps into a chair, and sets both clocks to striking, ridicules the sound of the old man's, and commences the well-formed attack of the last night, which he keeps up for nearly an hour, only interrupted by the repeated striking of the clocks.

They then take a fog-cutter, eat breakfast, and Slim returns to the charge. The old man is utterly confounded. Slim sees his advantage, follows him over his farm, every part of which he admires, and which only supports his argument that a man so well fixed ought to have a good clock. They return to the house, take a little more whiskey and water, and Slim is struck with the improved appearance of the room. His clock sets it off.

Slim, clapping Baines by the shoulder, "Well now, old gentleman, let me sell you the clock."

"But what shall I do with mine?"

"Oh, I'll buy that. What do you ask for it?"

"It ought to be worth ten dollars."

"Mine cost me forty dollars—but give me thirty to boot, and it's a trade."

"Well, I believe—no, I won't have it."

"My dear fellow, my clock is fastened up now. Besides, you have made me waste all day here—you ought to take it."

Baines does not exactly see how that is—hesitates—and Slim proceeds to take down the old clock. It is all over now, the money is paid, and Slim is soon ready to leave—but before going out, he remarks, "It would be as well to leave the old clock here, as I shall be back in a day or two." Slim then mounts his wagon and drives off: and methinks I can see the rueful countenance of Baines, while gazing at the wagon until it disappears. His thoughts I leave to the imagination of my reader.

About three years after the happening of this event, in passing along I chanced to call upon Mr. Baines. After being seated a few minutes, said I, "Stranger, how came you with a yankee clock in these wild woods?"

"Oh, confound the clock," said he, and narrated the above story, showing at the same time his old clock, which, as yet, had never been called for.

### The Naturalist.

THE JACKDAW AND THE ROOK.

(To the Editor.)

IN No. 625 of the *Mirror* is an interesting paper by C. Waterton, Esq. on the natural propensity of the jackdaw to associate with the rook. If you do not consider the following facts on the same subject of too trifling a nature, you will perhaps oblige me by inserting them in a future Number for the infor-



mation of the above intelligent naturalist. In a fine tale of trees, principally beech, situated a short distance from that ancient and noble mansion, Summer Hill, at Tunbridge, in Kent, now the property of J. Alexander, Esq., about sixty years since, the rooks had become so numerous that the trees scarcely afforded room for the whole of them to build their nests. Several of the trees, from the repeated repairs, from year to year, of the old nests, and the numerous additions of new ones close to the others, contained a mass of them several feet in circumference, and in some places upwards of two feet in thickness. In the sides of these masses of nests, several pairs of jackdaws contrived to make holes and lay their eggs, and although they were immediately under, yet they were never observed, while rearing their young ones, to be in the least molested by their neighbours the rooks, whose dwellings they had thus so unceremoniously undermined. I have heard this circumstance related many times by an aged relative who has long since ceased to exist, and consider that it tends greatly to confirm the opinion entertained by Mr. Waterton, that "the jackdaw would remain with the rook throughout the year if it only had that particular kind of convenience for incubation which its nature, for reasons totally unknown to us, seems to require."

B. S.

P.S. I have taken the *Mirror* several years, principally for the amusement it contains, but partly with the secret hope of some time seeing its front page embellished with a view of St. Peter's Port, Guernsey. If at the end of five years from this time my hopes should be realized (which, perhaps, is unreasonable to suppose,) I should feel amply rewarded for my perseverance.—[If our anxious Correspondent will send a sketch of St. Peter's Port, or direct us to the ready means of obtaining it, the desired engraving shall appear, probably in five weeks.]

#### THE MASON-SPIDER.

MAN, by the habitual admiration of the monuments of his own ingenuity, is prone to overlook the labours of lesser creatures. Yet, with what feelings of delight must the proudest architect that ever raised pyramid or temple first read such details as these of the labours of one of the least embellished of the spider tribe.

The mason-spider (*mygale cementaria*) is found in the neighbourhood of Montpellier. —Almost all spiders have the two upper hooks of their tarsi pectinated, or formed like a comb; we may easily conceive that, from this arrangement of these parts, they find the means proper for the execution of their labours. But the hooks of this spider, from their simplicity, seem but little adapted for working,

though its industry yields in nothing to that of the other araneides, but even exceeds it. It was necessary, therefore, that nature should supply it with other instruments. These reflections led M. Latreille to a very attentive examination of the organs of these animals, and he discovered, above their mandibles, some hard, corneous points, the anterior of which, ranged in a transverse series, resemble a sort of rake. Without seeing these animals in the performance of their operations, it could scarcely admit of doubt that this peculiar instrument must be very useful to them for the formation of their nest.

In so carefully concealing their retreat, in preparing and constructing it with so much art, these spiders have less in view their own preservation than that of their offspring. Rossi has found in the nest of that species, which he names *Aranea Sauvagesii*, its numerous family. These two species (*cementaria* and *Sauvagesii*) excavate, in argillaceous soils, a burrow, or cylindrical trench, having the same diameter throughout. Its relative dimensions may vary according to the species and the age of the animal. It usually chooses soils in declivity, or cut vertically, so that it may not be stopped by the rains, and which besides are arid, and composed of a strong earth, without any mixture of pebbles or small stones. It takes care to unite the interior walls of its habitation, and to line them with a silken pellicle, so as to consolidate them, and prevent any fallings in. This web may also contribute to the facility of its movements, and advertise it, by the motions which it undergoes, of what is passing at the entrance. A door, or sort of flat trap, but tolerably thick, circular, composed of different beds of earth, moistened and bound together with silk, smooth, a little convex, covered with very strong threads, forming a very close tissue underneath, closes the aperture of this burrow. The threads with which the interior surface of this door is lined are prolonged from the side of the most elevated edge of the entrance, fasten there, and attach the coverlid, forming a sort of hinge; so that being inclined in the direction of the soil, it falls back by its own proper weight and the entrance of the habitation is always naturally closed. The contour of the door corresponds so well with that of the aperture that it does not out-edge it in any place—that there is not the least vacancy in the joinings, and that the proportions could not have been better observed had they been taken by the compass. When this door, therefore, falls, it seals the entrance hermetically. The posterior convexity of the door also contributes to the precision of the closure.

The Abbé Sauvages, from whom these observations are taken, was unable to discover the manner in which this animal proceeds in the formation of this nest, or its mode of sub-



sistence and propagation. The individuals which he took alive all perished, in spite of the care which he employed for their preservation.

This spider employs a singular degree of strength and address, when an attempt is made to open the door of its domicile. The observer just quoted, being desirous to raise it by means of a pin, experienced a resistance which he by no means expected. He saw the animal in a reversed attitude, hooked by the legs, on one side against the walls of the entrance of the hole, on the other at the web, which covers the hinder part of its door, dragging the door to itself, so that in this struggle it opened and closed alternately. The spider did not give way until the trap was entirely raised. It then precipitated itself to the bottom of the hole. Every time, when similar attempts were made, even at the slightest movement, the animal runs forward immediately to hinder its door from being opened, and never ceases to keep guard there. If it be closed, one may work at the clay all about, and excavate it to carry off the habitation, without the peril with which it is menaced causing it to desert its post. But as soon as it has been expelled from its dwelling, one would believe that it had lost all its vigour. It appears languid, benumbed, and if it makes some steps, it is only in a tottering manner. It is never seen of itself to issue forth from its habitation, and the light of day appears to be injurious to it. Olivier tells us that the *mygale ariana*, which belongs to the island of Naxos, remains constantly in its nest during the day, and never leaves it but at night.

The Abbé Sauvages discovered the mason-spider in the neighbourhood of Montpellier, on the edges of the roads, and the high banks of the small river of Lez. But the description which he has given of it is very insufficient. This defect, however, has been supplied by Dorthès, in a memoir in the second volume of the *Linnean Transactions*.

Dorthès has added some observations to those of Sauvages. If the lid which closes the entrance be fixed with a pin, or if it be taken away, a new one is found to the aperture on the following day. It appears certain that it is only by night that this animal plunders, and works at the construction of its abode. The bottom of this often contains debris of various insects. In August this spider attains its full growth, is disposed for coupling, and is most timid. Fecundity appears to change the character of the female; become a mother in September, she no longer flees, but grows fierce and more voracious. The threads which she extends over the inequalities of the ground near her dwelling procure her different insects for nutriment. She then lives in society with the male, and Dor-

thès has found thirty little ones in the nest.

*Griffith's Supplement to Cuvier.*

#### THE CHEESE-MITE.

The *Acarus domesticus*, or common mite, is of all the species the best known. It is found in great abundance upon old cheese, on dry or smoked meat, on birds and insects in collections of natural history, on old bread, and dried up confectionary, which have been kept too long. It is for this reason that Degeer has named this species *domestic*. He also observed some of these mites in the flower-pots which he had in his chamber. This insect is almost invisible to the naked eye; its colour is a dirty white, bordering a little on the brown, with two brown spots produced by the internal parts, which appear through the skin, which is transparent. The body is bristling with hairs, thick, oval, a little narrowed in the middle; its anterior part is terminated in a cone, or a sort of muzzle, containing the organs of manducation. The mandibles have been distinguished; the palpi are very short and setaceous; the skin is smooth and tense; the eight feet are rather long, always curved towards the plane of position, terminated by an oval piece, transparent, and swelled like a small bladder with a long neck, having in front a sort of small cleft or separation. The insect can impart to it all kinds of inflexions, swell and contract it. It dilates it when walking, and contracts it, so as to make it disappear, when the foot does not touch the plane of position, and is raised. The vesicle can be folded in two in its length, by reason of the cleft which we have just mentioned. Each moiety is furnished with a small hook, which enables the mite to fix itself on the object upon which it walks. The feet are of equal length, but the two anterior pair are much thicker than the two last.

The numerous hairs with which the body is bristled are barbed on both sides, and what is singular is, that the insect can move them on one side and the other. Each hair, says Degeer, must necessarily be attached to, or have communication with, a muscle, which gives it motion. What marvellous mechanism in so small an object! These sorts of prickles are placed upon the body in regular order: two are observed on the upper part of its anterior extremity, which represent, as it were, two small antennæ. There are some on the feet which are finer, and on which Degeer has observed no barbs.

The females are larger than the males. The female lays some oval eggs, very white, and which appear to be reticulated or spotted with brown.

Leuwenhoëk, who has particularly observed this species, saw but six feet on the little ones just disclosed.

## The Gatherer.

**Fate of Genius.**—Mr. Allan Cunningham concludes his clever history of British literature of the last fifty years, with this paragraph: "Some one has desired me to describe the influence which men of genius have in this land: that can be done in a word—they have none. The editors of two or three leading newspapers have more to say with the country and the government, than all the bards who have breathed for these fifty years. The influence of genius is recorded in its fortunes. Chatterton drank poison, for he could not find bread; Johnson was refused the means of improving his health abroad; Burns, at his death, had neither bread in his house, nor a penny in his pocket; Crabbe died a poor parson—preferment did not find him out; Scott crushed himself in attempting independence, and his country refuses to save his books from the auctioneer; Byron was exiled, and died all but cursing the land his genius adorns; Coleridge has been deprived of his small pension; Wordsworth lives by distributing stamps; Southey has a pint of thin wine a-day from the king; Moore has found verse, like virtue, is its own reward; Hogg picks a mutton bone on Yarrow; and Wilson lives by moral philosophy."—*Athenaeum*.

**To Poets.**—After you have spent your whole age in the service of the muses, you must not expect to have your arrears paid so much as in malt tickets or exchequer notes. They'll put you off to one Mrs. Tattle, alias Fame; the veriest coquette that ever was; and that prating gossip will sham you with an immortality ticket, forsooth, which is not to become due till you are laid asleep in a churchyard; and neither you nor your heirs will be a farthing the better for it. What is worse, the nine sisters above mentioned, will not only disappoint your expectations as to a reward, but will engross all your favours and suffer no rivals to interfere with them.—*Tom Brown*.

**Richard III.'s Cruelty.**—Richard's crest was a white boar. Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Lovel, giving the king their advice, gave rise to the following rhyme:

The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our dogge,  
Rulen all Englod under a Hogge.

A gentleman, named Collingborne, was executed on Tower-hill for the above effusion. He was hanged, cut down immediately, and his bowels cast into the fire; which torment was so speedily done, that when the butcher of an executioner pulled out his heart, (to use the words of the historian, Stow,) "he spake, and said, 'Jesus, Jesus!'" I.

**Greensilver.**—This (says Blount,) is the name of an ancient custom within the manor

of Writtle, in the county of Essex; which is, that every tenant, whose fore-door opens to Greenbury, shall pay a halfpenny yearly to the lord, by the name of *greensilver*.

P. T. W.

**Old Brighton.**—The Rev. William Clarke, rector of Buxted (Sussex) and grandfather to the late celebrated traveller, Dr. E. D. Clarke, thus writes from Brighton to his friend, Mr. Bowyer, July 22, 1736: "But though we may build castles in the air, I assure you we live here under ground almost. I fancy the architects here actually take the altitude of the inhabitants, and lose not an inch between the head and the ceiling, and then dropping a step or two below the surface, the second story is finished something under twelve feet; I suppose this was a necessary precaution against storms, that a man should not be blown out of his bed into New England, Barbary, or God knows where. But as the lodgings are low they are cheap: we have two parlours, two bed chambers, pantry, &c. for five shillings per week, and if you really will come down you need not fear a bed of proper dimensions."

**Dulness.**—A dull man is so near a dead man, that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living, and, as he is not to be buried whilst he is half alive, so he is as little to be employed whilst he is half dead.—*Saville*.

**Books.**—Plays and romances sell as well as books of devotion; but with this difference: more people read the former than buy them; and more buy the latter, than read them.—*Tom Brown*.

He that hath pity on another man's sorrow, shall be free from it himself; and he that delighteth in and scorneth the misery of another, shall one time or other fall into it himself.—*Sir W. Raleigh*.

**Warning to Drunkards.**—Zeno, the Roman emperor of the East, died in his year 495, and was said to have been entombed while he was in one of his drunken fits, and before he was dead. P. T. W.

One day judgeth another, and the last judgeth all. Srow.

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